

Douchka

"Cosmic Cowboys"

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It's written in blood
In the Book of Revelations
A passage that predicts
The fate of all nations
Chapter 12, verse 5
Speaks of the comet
That sets the world on fire
She goes up like a junk-heap
There's flames across the sky
Eight miles high
If you listen to the wind
Then you can hear the angels cry

Yippee-i-ay, Basra Mecca!
Yippee-i-oh, Basra Mecca!
We are the cosmic cowboys of doom
Riding high on the saddle of a B-52
We've got the wind out our tail, we can't lose
Don't stop us or we're gonna drop the bomb
Yippee-i-ay, Basra Mecca!
Yippee-i-oh, Basra Mecca!

The triple breasted whore
The mother of abominations
Gives suck to the Antichrist
To destroy the twelve foundations
The bride wears a gas mask
The groom is Der Golem
While the seventh seal is broken
And Jerusalem has fallen
We're wretched and miserable
Poor, blind and naked,
If the Lord God had patience
Then perhaps he could have waited

Yippee-i-ay, Basra Mecca!
Yippee-i-oh, Basra Mecca!
We are the three horsemen of the Apocalypse
With the blood of the prophets fresh on our lips
We've got the wind at our tails we can't lose
Don't stop us or we're going to drop the bomb

Yippee-i-ay, Basra Mecca!
Yippee-i-oh, Basra Mecca!
Yippee-i-ay, Basra Mecca!
Yippee-i-oh, Basra Mecca!

Allah Akbar!

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